

# The TATLER

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and **BYSTANDER**

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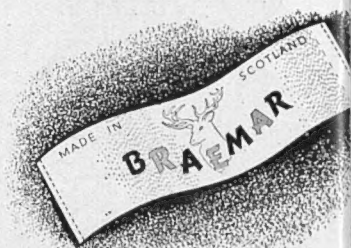


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Bertram Park

## The Grand Duchess of Luxembourg

Charlotte Grand Duchess of Luxembourg, ruler of the smallest State in Europe, came to England in 1941 with her husband, Prince Felix, to work for the good of her oppressed countrymen. In May, 1940, she escaped from Luxembourg with her family, and since that time her profound conviction in the ultimate victory and in the liberation of her country has never wavered. Her faith was justified when her Consort, Brig.-Gen. the Prince of Luxembourg, who went to the front shortly after the invasion of Normandy, re-entered the Grand Duchy with the first American troops on September 10th, 1944. The Grand Duchess is the mother of six children; Prince Jean, the eldest, is serving in the Irish Guards, and her two elder daughters are in the MTC, while a younger son, who has just left school, is a cadet in the Royal Canadian Air Force





# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Retrospect

**N**EVER in the whole field of human conflict have so many owed so much to so few. To measure the full meaning of the events now taking place in Germany we must go back to the dark days of Dunkirk. We must live again those slow and painful hours in which the depth of our faith and the capacity of our patience alone were the guarantees of our ultimate triumph over the enemies which then encompassed us. The faith we held in our leaders then was of prime importance, so



## S.E.A.C. Air Chief in Burma

Air Cdre. Lord Bandon, A.O.C. a R.A.F. Group, greeted Air Marshal Sir Keith Park on his arrival at a forward airstrip to visit squadrons operating on the Arakan front. Sir Keith Park is Air C-in-C. South East Asia

was our patience which enabled the greatest and most highly mechanized war machine this country has ever possessed to be built almost from nothing. We must remember again those simple words in which Mr. Churchill paid his greatest tribute to the heroes of the Battle of Britain. They were the pioneers of our approaching victory. They smashed the Hitlerian power which hovered over us. They turned the tide when it was flowing hard against us, and by their courage they paved the way for the Allied airmen who now dominate the skies over Germany, and the gallant soldiers who crossed the Rhine with the comparative ease born of magnificent organization. We must never forget the heroes of the Battle of Britain, and now is the moment to pay our tribute to them once again.

## Reward

**I**T was Lord Baldwin who proclaimed, a few years before the war started, that Britain's frontier was on the Rhine, but it was Mr. Churchill who crossed the river soon after the Allied forces had started on the final phase of the Battle of Germany. It was typical of Mr. Churchill that he should slip away from the

House of Commons and turn up at Field-Marshal Montgomery's Headquarters on the eve of the opening of the battle. One can imagine something of what Mr. Churchill must have felt. He lived nearer to the nightmare of Dunkirk than most people. On him rested the heavy burden of authority and leadership. It was natural that, having travelled so far over five of the most crucial years in British history, he should insist on crossing the Rhine, and not be content merely to watch shot and shell from the comparative safety of the west bank. Obviously he was anxious to get as near as possible to the scene of battle which is to mark the fulfilment of his faith and courage and leadership. At the same time, it was no small responsibility for Field-Marshal Montgomery and General Simpson to have the Prime Minister so near to the fighting. But they must have recognized that Mr. Churchill has lived a life of high adventure and great endeavour, and he could therefore demand this privilege as his own reward.

## Mystery

**T**HERE can be little doubt that Field-Marshal von Rundstedt has done what Ludendorff did in 1918. He has warned Hitler that Germany cannot win the war, and therefore she must face the certainty of early defeat. This can be the only explanation for his disappearance from active command of Germany's western defences. Something like this was bound to happen, for von Rundstedt is nothing if he is not a realist. What will happen to him now? This is the most interesting speculation. The Nazis have not revealed officially any change in command, but they have announced that von Rundstedt has received a decoration



## Conversation at Headquarters

Capt. J. C. Riddell and Lt. Whitley Austin of S.E.A.C. photo unit were talking over the day's activities at 36th Division H.Q., Burma. Capt. Riddell is aide to Major-Gen. Festing, C.O. the 36th Division

from Hitler. The departure of Field-Marshal von Rundstedt confirms the reports of quarrels in the German High Command, and it may be that he has been arrested. Determined as they are to fight to the death, the Nazis could not allow Field-Marshal von Rundstedt to retain his freedom. If they did, he might conceivably be a rallying point for those Germans who think like him. For, at some point, there is bound to be a crack among the German leaders. Somebody is bound to step out and to speak out.

As the Allied armies advance, the vice-like power of the Gestapo will gradually be broken and there will be, as a result, a gradual disintegration of the Nazi hierarchy, if it has not already occurred. There have been suggestions that Field-Marshal Kesselring has replaced Field-Marshal von Rundstedt for the purpose of seeking terms from the Allies, when he feels that this is the only course open to him. Frankly, I doubt this very much. Kesselring's battles in Italy show him to be a dogged man who will be ready to fight on to the very end.



## Commanding the 4th Corps

Lt.-Gen. Frank Messervy's appointment as commander of the 4th Corps on the Burma front was recently announced. He was captured by the Germans when commanding the "Desert Rats" (7th Armoured Division), but later escaped

If this were not so, he would never have undertaken this most unenviable task of trying to stem the Allied advance.

## Silence

**I**N their gravest hour the German people have no word from Hitler. No sign of encouragement has come from him. If ever there was a time when the German people required leadership it is now. But Hitler keeps his silence. It must be the silence of a deeply embittered man, a man who has held within his grasp the greatest power and now sees it gradually but inevitably being torn from him. What will Hitler do? This is another interesting matter for speculation. His span of power is running short. Soon he must make his decision. Will he end his own life, as he intended to do if his plan for re-occupying the Rhine failed in 1935? Or will he flee to the hills of Bavaria to maintain a stubborn but hopeless resistance? He is faced with defeat, and he has to make up his mind whether he is going to allow himself to be captured by the Allies.

It is conceivable that Hitler would like to place the responsibility for his death on the Allies by surrendering himself in some dramatic





### Planning Air Operations Over the Rhine

All the aircraft which took part in operations preceding and during the Allied crossing of the Rhine were under the control of Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham, A.O.C. in C. 2nd T.A.F. He is seen above (second from the left) with G/Capt. R. C. Sutcliffe, Gen. Louis Brereton and Air Vice-Marshal V. E. Groch, during a final conference before the attack

way. On the other hand, his nearest Nazi friends may not regard this as the best way of trying to perpetuate the myth of their creed which has produced such calamitous consequences for Germany. One thing is certain, there is swift justice awaiting Hitler if the Allies do capture him.

### Warning

FIELD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY has warned his troops how they must behave in Germany. There must be no fraternization. No opportunity must be given for the Germans to rouse sympathy. They must be treated firmly and correctly. "Last time we won the war and let the peace slip out of our hands. This time we must not ease off, we must win both the war and the peace." There is something searching and thorough in Field-Marshal

Montgomery's instructions, which shows that he fully appreciates the menace of Nazism, even in this hour of Germany's defeat. He says that peace cannot exist merely because of a surrender. "Our occupation of Germany is an act of war, of which the first object is to destroy the Nazi system." The Allied Governments must recognize that they are undertaking a mammoth task in trying to search out every Nazi of any influence. A special department has been created, with headquarters in London, for the purpose of tracing every known Nazi, wherever he may go. Any who manage to escape from Germany will be shadowed to any part of the world, no matter how long it takes. Those who are responsible for organizing this department, realize that they may be fully occupied for as long as seven years on this work.

### Home

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD WAVELL is spending a lot of time in Whitehall discussing with Ministers Britain's future policy in India. After eighteen months as Viceroy, Lord Wavell has formed his own views about dealing with some of the most pressing problems, and he is making his recommendations known to the War Cabinet. India will emerge from the war as an industrial power of some consequence. It will be necessary, while Britain retains her responsibility, to plan for the post-war period. India's population continues to grow, and her economy must be balanced to ensure that there is suitable work and adequate food for all her millions. This will be no easy task, and realizing its immensity the British Government, now that the war in Europe is ending, feel that they can devote their attention to it. Lord Wavell has come home looking fit and fresh. His stay will be brief, for India is the base for British operations against Japan, and he cannot be spared from his post for very long.

### Novel

THERE is a touch of novelty about the appointment of General Sir Frederick Pile as Commander-in-Chief of Temporary Housing. As Commander-in-Chief of Anti-Aircraft Command, he organized the nation's defences against the flying bombs. Now he is to organize, on battle lines, the speedy restoration of the homes which were damaged, and to provide as many new homes as possible for our returning soldiers. General Pile is renowned for his vitality, and his dynamic personality. He is only an inch over five feet in height, but the Prime Minister apparently recognized in him all the qualities necessary to put drive into the Government's housing programme.

Housing will be a political touchstone for a long time to come, and Sir Frederick Pile is not going to have an easy time. But after accepting his new appointment, he was not abashed by the magnitude of his task. "Those who may say I know nothing about housing, I would reply that I knew nothing about A.A. guns when I took over their control at the start of the war."



### British Corps Commander Visits Italian Partisans

Lt.-Gen. C. F. Keightley, 5th Corps Commander, paid a visit to Italian partisans fighting along the River Reno in the Adriatic sector of the 8th Army front. He was photographed talking to Col. Bulow and Captain Peters at the Partisan headquarters



### Twenty-Five Mobile Clinics for Children of Greece

Crown Princess Frederika of Greece received twenty-five mobile clinics, presented to the children of Greece by the children of South Africa. Brig. E. P. Hartshorn made the presentation at South African Base H.Q. in the Middle East



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

## Concerning Revivals

By James Agate

NEWS comes of the revival of *The Sign of the Cross* (Plaza). This film is, of course, an absurdity, but an absurdity on the grand scale. I have been sufficiently interested in the revival to look up what was said of Wilson Barrett's play in 1896. William Archer took the line that this orgy—which he was sufficiently rattled to spell as “orgie”—lay quite outside his province: “The art critic does not chronicle the latest addition to Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors: the musical critic takes no cognizance of a Salvationist orgie: why should the dramatic critic devote a moment's thought to a combination of the penny dreadful with the Sunday-school picture book? My business is with the drama as a form of art, and art has nothing to say to this series of tawdry tableaux, with their crude appeal to the shallowest sentiments and lowest instincts of the mob.” About the reception of the play he said: “I was taken back by the frenzied enthusiasm with which the pit and gallery received this farrago of crudities and ineptitudes. At first I doubted the genuineness of the demonstrations, and of course I do not vouch for it even now. But I studied pretty closely the two front rows of the pit, which appeared to be filled, not only with paying play-goers, but with people of by no means the lowest or stupidest class. I have at this moment the vision of a woman's face, rather refined and pleasing in repose, converted into one cavernous mouth, like that of the lion which was supposed to be devouring Mr. Wilson Barrett behind the scenes, as she vociferated her rapture at the close of the performance. It was a depressing spectacle.” I have quoted the two passages because they accentuate the difference between the theatre known to Archer, and the film which could not then be known to him. In these two passages he foresees, without knowing it, the cinema not yet born, whose business has always been, still is, and I think must ever be, a “crude appeal to the shallowest sentiments and lowest instincts of the mob.” Except that many film-goers, and certainly the Plaza's patrons are “by no means the lowest or stupidest class.” So much for Archer.

WILSON BARRETT's play is a work of something other than art. It draws its vitality from something which is outside the aesthetic canon, in which respect it may be said to be one with poems like Longfellow's “Excelsior” and songs like Sullivan's “Lost Chord.” This being so, *The Sign of the Cross* is incapable of aesthetic rebuke. Ridicule cannot laugh it out of court because those to whom it appeals do not pay it that kind of court! Even Mr. Shaw's riot of fun at the play's expense was unavailing: “With scathing, searching irony, and with resolute courage in the face of the prejudiced British public, Mr. Wilson Barrett has drawn a terrible contrast between the Romans (‘Pagans, I regret to say,’ as Mr. Pecksniff remarked of the sirens), with their straightforward sensuality, and the strange, perverted voluptuousness of the Christians, with their shuddering exaltations of longing for the whip, the rack, the stake, and the lions. The whole drama lies in the spectacle of the hardy Roman prefect, a robust soldier and able general, gradually falling under the spell of a pale Christian girl, white and worn with spiritual ecstasy, and beautiful as Mary Anderson. As

she gradually throws upon him the fascination of suffering and martyrdom, he loses his taste for wine; the courtésans at his orgies disgust him; heavenly visions obsess him; undreamt-of raptures of sacrifice, agony, and escape from the world to indescribable holiness and bliss tempt him; and finally he is seen, calm and noble, but stark mad, following the girl to her frightfully voluptuous death. We come into the presence of Nero, and hear him ordering a set of living torches for that evening, and boasting of what an artist he is. We see the Roman ladies at home sticking pins into their slaves, and the Roman diner-out exhausted by his second vomit. We hear the thunder of the chariot race, and see the gladiator enter the arena. And we have, as aforesaid, whips and racks, chains and dungeons, uplifted crosses and Christian martyrs, not to mention

bold as to say that films like *The Sign of the Cross* are meat and drink not only for stupid persons of low taste, but for the average man.

I HEAR whispers of a revival of *The Du Barry* film. I fervently pray that this is not true. Why not a serious film about the Du Barry? You would, I suggest, make a loose-knitted affair of it in the chronicle manner, beginning with Jeanne Bécu's life in the hat-shop of Madame Labille. That would be the place in which to introduce the early lover, and so demonstrate to film-goers who care about such things that Jeanne, to begin with, had the heart of a song-bird as well as the voice. It might be objected that song-birds are less concerned with early lovers than with early worms, that their brushing from upland lawns the dew away is merely for the satisfaction of their insides, and that to consider otherwise is to argue anthropocentrically, and therefore tommyrotically. But let that pass.

LATER shots would show the dying, witty, still Skewtonizing Pompadour, rouging her cheeks and begging her confessor to stay a little so that they may depart together. Then



*Elvira (Kay Hammond), first wife of celebrated novelist, Charles Condomine, is conjured up from the dead by the incantations of an enthusiastic medium. She returns blithely to earth just to see how her former husband is getting on with his second wife. Unfortunately, only Charles can see her and Ruth (wife No. 2) thinks he has secretly taken to drink or is possibly a little mad*

plenty of music well handled by Mr. Edward Jones, with hymns for the Christians, waltzes for the Romans, and Sullivan's ‘Thou'rt Passing Hence, My Brother,’ and Gounod's ‘Nazareth’ on the cornet and sackbut between the acts.” And so on, and so forth. I ask the reader to note the phrase, “We hear the thunder of the chariot race,” and to note that since this was written the day of hearing has gone past, and the era of seeing has dawned. Here again is the difference between the theatre and the cinema. In the theatre a chariot race can only be the grace note to some argumentative chord; in the cinema it is the chord itself. In the theatre something depends on that race; in the cinema the race itself is the thing that matters. I make so

would come Jeanne's cohabitation with the Comte du Barry, that scoundrel's quick perception of the vacancy at Court and the intolerable nuisance of an existing Comtesse making marriage with Jeanne impossible, the diabolical plan to marry her to his half-witted brother, the palming-off of his sister-in-law and mistress on to the ageing, debilitated King, and, if the chronicler be a man of skill, something about the way Jeanne spent her time on half-holidays and Saturdays. And if the chronicle must be musical, why not the lever of the King's mistress with a ballet of jewellers, mercers, hairdressers, perfumers, and anything else which an ingenious director might devise? The last part of the film would show the King dying miserably and alone in





*The Seance* which results in Elvira's reappearance on earth is a cosy family affair. Joyce Carey and Hugh Wakefield as Dr. and Mrs. Bradman are seen on either side of the medium, Mme Arcati (Margaret Rutherford)



*Eternal Triangle* complications develop rapidly when one side is a ghost. Ruth (Constance Cummings) gradually becomes aware that there is something "going on" which she does not share in the life of her husband, Charles (Rex Harrison)



*Cosy Reunion* takes place between the ghostly Elvira and former husband, Charles. "Do you feel anything?" she says. "Only a very little breeze through my hair," replies Charles. "Well, that's better than nothing"



*Medium* gets a brainwave. Struggling to find some means of dispatching Elvira back to the ghost world from which she came, Mme Arcati rings up the distracted husband to tell him "all is not lost"

## Blithe Spirit

### Coward's Comedy of the Quick and the Dead

Premiere at the Odeon Theatre tomorrow night in aid of the Film Industry Benevolent Fund

tapered state on his high bed, with the ante-rooms full of a crowd whose excited chattering he can hear. Last we should be shown the du Barry at fifty, clothed in a coarse white shift, and her hair cut off, being taken screaming in a tumbrel to the Place de la Révolution and passing on the way the Maison Labille, whose *gentil babil*, to use Verlaine's phrase, is now the Terror's tongue.

THAT, I suggest, would be a story worth telling, worth putting music, dresses, and scenery to, worth filming, worth seeing and worth remembering. I make a present of it to the Screen, with the title *Versailles Dances*.



*Cause of the trouble* turns out to be Edith (Jacqueline Clarke), the young maid of the Condomines. Edith, declares Mme Arcati, is a "natural" and it is her power which has conjured up Elvira from the dead



*Alone at last*, Charles Condomine wears a black band on each arm. Elvira has gone back to the ghost world; Ruth has joined her "on the other side." Even so, Charles suspects he is never going to be quite alone again



# The Theatre

"Irene" (His Majesty's)

MR. JACK HYLTON must have known that the success of his revival of *Irene* could by no means be taken for granted. In 1920 the piece went with a swing—a good long swing—for several reasons that no longer count.

In the first place, it introduced a new actress from America, Miss Edith Day. Her triumph as the "Alice Blue Gown" girl was freely compared with the glittering sensation of the great Edna May's earlier arrival. Then again musical comedy in London seemed at that time to have passed its zenith. They were not far wrong who held that the future belonged to a different kind of mammoth musical show—one which would concentrate on comedy and spectacle without bothering to featherstitch it with a romantic story. And when this war set managers rummaging among the records of Daly's and the Gaiety for musical comedies of the prime, it soon became clear that the secret of playing the pieces unearthed had been forgotten. Burlesque was in the blood of the would-be imitators of Lily Elsie and Joe Coyne, and they could not bring to the preposterous old fables the light-hearted conviction on which all their charm depended. But *Irene* in 1920 raised the hopes of the faithful. All was not lost. Here was musical comedy with a touch of novelty. It had American assurance, American punch. There might be many such to follow.

AUDIENCES today cannot share hopes which they know proved false. Nor can they be expected to get much fun by taking in the latest revival as a breath from the fragrant past. If *Irene* is a period piece, then the audiences themselves are period pieces, which is an unthinkable proposition. All that they can be reasonably asked to do in this way is to recognize



Ballerina and high speed dancer sur les pointes (Bebe de Roland)

Sketches by  
Tom Titt



Designer with designs; Madame Lucy gives a prospective model the once-over (Arthur Riscoe)

Left: Girl meets boy when the Irish shopgirl Irene goes to the wealthy home of the Marshalls and meets Donald Marshall (Pat Taylor, Frank Leighton)

that jazz in 1920, freshly evolved from pre-war rag-time, had a clean, simple line which further development has bedevilled, or at least staled. The dances arranged by Mr. Freddie Carpenter make good this advantage. It is scarcely an advantage that the author of the book tried so hard to hit upon the sort of story that would have a dramatic interest of its own and yet work comfortably in with song and dance. There seems, now, to be a great deal too much of it. *Irene* is a modern Cinderella—but in the United States Cinderella dwells not by the kitchen fire but in the New York store. And it is not the fairy godmother but an extremely eligible bachelor who finds the beautiful clothes which transform her into the belle of the ball. The bachelor naturally doubles the parts of godmother and Prince Charming, and adds still further to his troubles by entertaining the Shavian belief that it is possible to turn a poor Irish girl overnight into a great lady with a splendid family tree. Miss Pat Taylor plays the girl with an attractive gaucherie and a pleasant singing voice.

MISS TAYLOR is a high card in the difficult hand Mr. Hylton is playing, but Mr. Arthur Riscoe is a higher. He is a dressmaker, and because his heart is in his business and he prefers to be known as "Madame Lucy" he is involved in all the perils of female impersonation. Mr. Riscoe skirts every peril with a performance which is as rich in drollery as it is sparing in emphasis. Whether mincing in glossy topper and elegant morning coat, or stately in velvet and diamonds, he is always calmly comic, putting across his too few lyrics

with absolute precision; and all the while his clown's mask, with its sly, brooding, highly sophisticated expression, hints that jests even richer than those which he delivers so perfectly are lurking at the back of his mind. The ballet is graceful, there are the exciting pirouettes of Miss Bebe de Roland and the work of the big, mixed chorus is consistently good. It would seem likely that Mr. Hylton will, after all, be able to join Mr. Riscoe in his best song, "We're getting away with it."

ANTHONY COOKMAN



# Claire Luce at Stratford

The 1945 Season Opens at the  
Shakespeare Memorial Theatre

● On Saturday last a new season opened at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, with a performance of *Much Ado About Nothing*. Claire Luce (who appears on this page as Viola) is an important new member of the company. Her roles will include Beatrice in *Much Ado*, Viola in *Twelfth Night*, one of the Merry Wives in the play of that name, and Cleopatra in *Antony and Cleopatra*. This last production has been chosen as the play to be presented on April 23rd, the anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday, and will be followed by three new presentations, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *King Henry VIII*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, in May and June

Photographs by John Vickers







### Two Recent Portraits by Olive Snell

The Countess of Darnley was Miss Rosemary Potter before she married the Earl of Darnley as his third wife, in 1940. She is a daughter of the late Mr. Basil Potter, and she and her husband have a son, born in 1941

Mrs. Donald MacCullough, wife of the prospective Parliamentary Candidate for King's Lynn Division of Norfolk, is a daughter of the late Capt. H. L. Watts-Jones, R.N. Her husband is Senior Question Master of the B.B.C. Brains Trust

## On and Off Duty

### A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

#### Busy Days

**B**EFORE they left London for the country, where they are spending their usual quiet Easter, the King and Queen had a series of busy days in and around town, a

visit to an O.C.T.U. passing-out parade at Aldershot, attended by both Their Majesties, inspections of a Canadian General Hospital, and a treatment centre for A.T.S. personnel by the Queen, a Privy Council and several



### Princess Boris Melikoff Bassano

The wife of Prince Boris Melikoff was formerly Miss Bettine Wethered, daughter of the late Major H. E. Wethered, Welsh Guards, and Mrs. Wethered. She has worked for the Free French in London and is now working for a Polish organisation, while her husband is serving abroad

and the "ONE, two, three, fours" shouted by the newest recruits to the Grenadiers having their first instructions on the square.

#### Inspection

**F**ROM the King, who has an encyclopædic knowledge of the customs and history of the Brigade, as befits its Colonel-in-Chief, the Princess has heard much about the traditions of the N.C.O.s and instructor staff at the Depot, and she made a special inspection of these makers of Guardsmen, and had a hand-shake, a word and a smile for each of the officer instructors presented to her, most of whom wore wound stripes as a memento of the bitter fighting the Grenadiers saw in the North African campaign.

Young Lord Fairfax of Cameron, tall, fair-haired, with a title that dates back over three centuries, was one of those presented to the Princess by the Commandant, Lieut.-Colonel G. A. I. Dury, and Colonel R. B. R. Colvin, Lieut.-Colonel Commanding the Regiment, was in attendance.

Somewhat to the disappointment of the onlookers, the Princess did not appear in her A.T.S. uniform, but wore instead a coat dress and hat of leaf green, with the diamond badge of the regiment in her lapel. Lady Mary Strachey, in brown furs and a big muff, came in attendance on the Princess, and Major Arthur Penn, who combines the duties of adjutant of the regiment and acting private secretary to the Queen, was among those who received her.

(Continued on page 10)



Arnold, Northampton

### The Queen Holds Her Goddaughter at Her Christening

The baby daughter of Lt. Christopher and Lady Anne Wake-Walker was christened at Westminster Abbey, and had the Queen as one of her godmothers. There was a reception after the ceremony, and Her Majesty is seen above with the baby and her parents. Lady Anne Wake-Walker is Earl and Countess Spencer's only daughter



# The Lawson—Fiske Wedding

On St. Patrick's Day in London



Photographs by Swaebe

Lt.-Col. John Charles Arthur Digby Lawson, D.S.O., M.C., 11th (P.A.O.) Hussars, commanding The Inns of Court Regiment, R.A.C., married Mrs. Rose Fiske, widow of P/O. W. M. L. Fiske, R.A.F., and only child of the late Mr. David Cecil Bingham and of Lady Rosabelle Brand. The bridegroom is the elder son of Sir Digby Lawson, Bt., of North Cheriton Manor, Somerset, and of the late Mrs. Wallis



The bride's half-sister and brother were with their mother. Mrs. I. A. Henderson, herself a recent bride; Lt. Henderson, Coldstream Guards; and Lady Rosabelle Brand



Major Roberts, 11th Hussars, was best man to Lt.-Col. Lawson, and was photographed with the bridegroom's father, Sir Digby Lawson, after the ceremony



Capt. and Mrs. Derek FitzGerald were two of the guests at the wedding



Lady Digby Lawson, stepmother of the bridegroom, was with Lady Orr-Lewis



Sister-in-law and sister of the bridegroom, Mrs. Patrick Lawson and Mrs. Cely Trevilian came with their children





### Sunshine in Australia

Miss Eileen Phipps, Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Gloucester, and Major M. B. C. Hawkins, on the Governor-General's staff, arrived together at the opening of the Federal Parliament at Canberra, by the Duke of Gloucester



### An Aid to Russia Luncheon in London

At a luncheon to the Aid to Russia Committee, Mrs. Churchill was talking to Professor Sarkisov, of the Soviet Red Cross and Red Crescent; and Miss Mabel Johnson, O.B.E., secretary of the Aid to Russia Committee. Mrs. Churchill is shortly going to Russia at the invitation of the Soviet Government, to visit the hospitals at Rostov, which are to be equipped by the Aid to Russia Fund to commemorate her work. Miss Johnson will accompany her



### A Minister and His Daughter

Lord Woolton, Minister of Reconstruction, is seen at home with his only daughter, Jun. Cdr. the Hon. Margaret Marquis, A.T.S., who has announced her engagement to Capt. J. H. Sandeman Allen, R.A.



### To Aid Yugoslav Children

King Peter of Yugoslavia, on behalf of the Yugoslav Relief Society, handed a cheque for £5000, for the maintenance of a Save-the-Children Fund unit in his country, to the Hon. George Peel. Queen Alexandra and Princess Romanovsky Pavlovski were also present at the ceremony

## On and Off Duty

(Continued)

### Passing Out

THE O.C.T.U. passing-out parade which Their Majesties attended at Mons Barracks, Aldershot, was an all-Empire affair, and yet another demonstration of the unexpected ways in which the stress of war has tightened and strengthened the bonds that link the great Dominions with the Mother Country, for, though it is a British infantry O.C.T.U., the two awards to the best cadets both went to men from the Dominions, one a Canadian, Officer Cadet W. Jans, from the romantically-named Alberta township of Medicine Hat; the other a New Zealander, Officer Cadet D. G. Whiting, from Auckland.

After the parade, the King and Queen had another experience of Imperial co-operation in the Army, when they inspected the demonstration platoon of the battalion. It is entirely composed of Canadians.

### Bridge Tournament

LADY EBBISHAM held a committee meeting recently for the Bridge Tournament which is to be held at the Dorchester Hotel on Wednesday, May 9th, to raise funds for the Guy's Hospital Ladies' Association. Miss McManus, matron of Guy's, who has been associated with the hospital since she was a girl, came to the meeting and said how much she depended on the help of the Guy's Hospital Ladies' Association to provide the linen for the hospital, and for 700 beds this is a tremendous item. During the war the number of beds in the London headquarters has been cut down and country premises found to house the others. Soon they hope to get back to the normal numbers in London, and the linen will have to be replenished and augmented to meet the needs. In pre-war days, she told us, 40,000 pieces went to their laundry each week. The hospital has been hit nine times by enemy action during this war, and there are wonderful plans for rebuilding as soon as possible, when there will be more beds and an even greater demand for linen, so a greater call on the Ladies' Association.

### Helpers

MRS. WASHINGTON SINGER, who is vice-chairman of the Tournament Committee, entertained everyone to tea at the end of the

meeting. Lady MacLean and Mrs. Robert Annan, both very smart in black, were there; Lady Muriel Gore-Brown, Lady Thomas Bethell, Lady Hill, Mme. Massigli, most beautifully dressed, as usual, Mme. Phang, looking charming in her national dress, Lady Wilkinson, Lady Cozen, Mrs. Cochrane, and Mr. Robert Gray, who generously gave a dozen bottles of rum and a dozen sherry to be auctioned at the tournament in aid of the fund. Mrs. Blaine, who is over here from Johannesburg, was also present, and gave a beautiful antique silver manicure set to be sold. There is also to be a tombola, with such varied prizes as a bottle of whisky, a duck and a pair of silk stockings.

### Reception to Delegates

MME. VLADIMIR RYBÁŘ, wife of the Yugoslav Chargé d'Affaires, gave a charming reception in honour of the Yugoslav delegates to the International Women's Celebrations, at her enchanting house in Chelsea. The four delegates were Mme. Milica Dedier-Kicevac, who is head of the "mother and child" section of their Ministry of Social Welfare; Mme. Olga Kovacic, editor of one of the biggest women's papers in Yugoslavia; Major Dermastia-Jerman, who has served with Marshal Tito's heroic liberation forces for the past three-and-a-half years; and Mme. Milk Ninic, who was also in uniform.

Mme. Rybář, looking very attractive in a dark-blue dress with two wide white panels in the front, received her guests with her husband, and later she made a delightful little speech welcoming the delegates, and saying how happy she was to have them in her home. She paid tribute to the wonderful work of the women of Yugoslavia, who, she said, shared the same trials as the fighting men, and surely deserved not only the highest recognition which was given them by Marshal Tito for their heroism, but also the admiration of the whole Allied world. Among Mme. Rybář's guests, which numbered over a hundred, were Mme. Petrovic, the Dowager Lady Swaythling, Dr. Djermanovic, Yugoslav Minister to Sweden, Lord and Lady Strabolgi, Monsieur Petrovic and Monsieur Tone Farjer, both delegates to the T.U.C. Conference, Mrs. King, Sir Henry Bunbury, Monsieur Vilder, Yugoslav Minister to Czechoslovakia, Capt. Nilolajev, who wore the uniform of a Soviet officer (she is a member of the Russian Military Mission); Monsieur Mato Vucetic and Baroness de Collaert.

(Concluded on page 24)





### Three Sweenys at Buckingham Palace

When S/Ldr. Robert Sweeny, D.F.C., went to an Investiture to receive his decoration, he was accompanied by his father, Mr. Robert Sweeny, and his brother, Major Charles Sweeny. S/Ldr. Sweeny was awarded the D.F.C. in 1943 for gallantry in anti-submarine sorties



### Family Party at the Investiture

Swaebe

In this group leaving the Palace are Major W. J. O'Brien, Brig. Pepper, who received the C.B.E. and the D.S.O.; Mrs. Pepper and their son, Tim, and Miss Elizabeth Allan, the actress, who is Mrs. Pepper's sister. In private life Miss Allan is the wife of Major O'Brien



Sir Frederick Handley-Page sat next to Sir Stafford Cripps, Minister of Aircraft Production, at the Halifax Group Production luncheon



Mr. S. R. Warley, the chairman, and Lord Ashfield sat together. Lord Ashfield is chairman of the London Passenger Transport Board



Brig.-Gen. A. C. Critchley, Director-General of the B.O.A.C., and Rear-Admiral Sir Murray Sueter, M.P., were in conversation at lunch



Sir Wavell Wakefield, M.P., a former Director of the A.T.C., had a drink before lunch with Air Vice-Marshal H. N. Wrigley



Lord Brabazon and Sir William Rootes were neighbours at table. Lord Brabazon is a former Minister of Aircraft Production



Air Marshal L. S. Breadner, who has just retired from the post of A.O.C.-in-C. the R.C.A.F. Overseas, sat beside Sir George Nelson

### Guests at the Handley Page Lunch to the Halifax Group, in London



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

WHAT the big liner companies are doing (apart from scratching themselves thoughtfully) amid all this chatter about postwar six-engined double-decker 300-passenger nine-hour Transatlantic plane services, we wouldn't know. Their best move, perhaps, would be to make a defiant move and start increasing the number of funnels.

Funnels in crack British liners just before the war were down to two (Queen Elizabeth) or three (Queen Mary). Public confidence had been won, so to speak. But after five years' war-strain, a psychologist was telling us, the seagoing public is right back to the days forty or fifty years ago, when no sensible person would trust him (her) self aboard a ship with less than five funnels, of which three were generally dummies. By cramming their passengers like Strasbourg geese with food all day long, organising frightful deck-games, making bands play Gilbert and Sullivan night and day without stopping, and providing continuous magic-lantern shows, fancy-dress dances, spelling-bees, and tombolas, the liner companies managed to keep your grandfather from asking why no smoke ever came out of the three end ones. Any nosey oaf who persisted was either hypnotised by the purser's beaming smile while an engineer hastily burned oily waste under each dummy, or, if at night, lured up to the boat-deck and knocked silly.

## Footnote

By degrees the liner companies kept cautiously removing a couple of dummy funnels and replacing them at intervals. The seagoing public was soon so bemused that it didn't know whether it was in a five-funnelled ship or Tuesday afternoon in Fiji. Apathy at length set in and economy in funnels became possible. But the old morbid doubts are creeping back now, this psychologist chap averred.

## Faëry

THAT those German prisoners who escaped recently from a camp at Bridgend, Glamorgan, were appalled at the sight of the adjoining coast we don't doubt for a moment. That long, desolate range of mountainous sandhills might be in Libya or the Moon.

We remember coming years ago on a little hidden bay on this coast, glittering in the sunshine, with no life in sight but the mournfully crying gulls. Right on this lonely beach, just above highwater mark, stood the ruins of an old house. The nearest village could give no satisfactory explanation, except to mumble "smugglers whatever," which was far too easy. After examining the ruins, which seemed to be

18th or even 17th century and smelt sinister, we came to the conclusion that the Tylwydd Têg, the Little People of the Hills, had something to do with it. These, as Arthur Machen has demonstrated, are not arty-crafty fairies who dance on moonbeams but dæmonic and terrifying aboriginal shapes driven underground before the Roman invasion, and up to no good.

We put this theory to one of the rude forefathers in the village pub a little later and he gave us an odd, sidelong, dirty look and shut his mouth quite tight. He was small, dark, hairy, hostile, and passionate, with glowing black eyes, and his speech was a kind of plainsong chant. Maybe he was one of the Tylwydd Têg himself. You never know where you may find them. Music and murder are their raves, apart from asking bellicose questions in the House at £5 a time.

## Rally

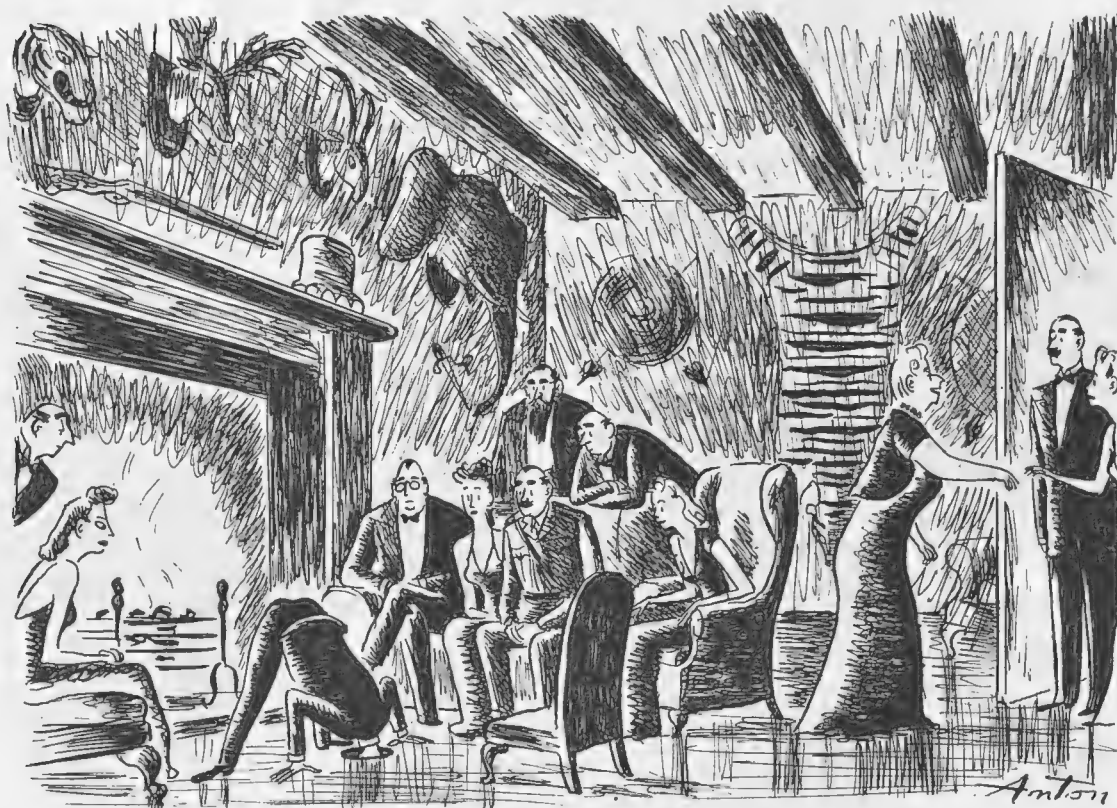
A COARSE remark about Wagner's great-aunt Fanny, made by an eminent musician in our hearing some time ago, was recalled to us by a recent rogue's suggestion that when the Min. of Labour has finished mobilising engineers and scientists to deal with German industry it should mobilise a few artists, singers, and technicians to deal with Bayreuth.

The remark about Wagner's great-aunt we hesitate to repeat, partly for fear of wounding Mr. Ernest Newman, partly because the boys at that institute opened by Hitler at Bayreuth for the study of the life and work of his favourite composer, have probably covered the ground already. What the musician actually said was—apropos the tireless labours of many scholars in the field of Wagnerian research—that all the music world awaits now, in intolerable suspense, is the clearing up of the question whether Wagner's great-aunt Fanny had a strawberry birthmark on her south-west elevation or not.

(Concluded on page 14)



"Hurry up with they steers, you dames;  
it's way past yer quittin' time"



"You're just in time to hear Oswald tell his favourite ostrich story"





The little Irish shop-girl, Irene O'Dare (Pat Taylor), meets her Prince Charming (Frank Leighton) at the home of a wealthy customer



Irene, transformed into a princess, is given a genealogical tree showing the descent of the O'Dares from a Prince of Ireland

## Another Revival

"Irene"—Fairy-Tale of the 'Twenties—  
at His Majesty's Theatre

Photographs by Hess



The Corps de Ballet from the Casino, with their ballerina (Bebe de Roland), entertain the guests of the wealthy H. P. Bowden in the garden of his home

● Jack Hylton has revived *Irene* after an interval of twenty-five years. There is still charm in the old music and "Alice Blue Gown" has lost none of its sweetness. It is the old story of Cinderella—a little, perhaps, under the influence of George Bernard Shaw—who meets her Prince Charming, finds a fairy godmother in the guise of an unsuccessful dressmaker, and lives happily ever after. Pat Taylor is the Cinderella of *Irene*, Frank Leighton the Prince Charming, and the godmother none other than Arthur Riscoe masquerading as Madame Lucy



Arthur Riscoe, in his original part of Madame Lucy, sings "We're getting away with it" with his two confederates, Jane and Helen (Doreen Duké and Doreen Percheron)



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

Wagner fans will very properly ignore this rudeness. Moreover if she had, German thoroughness has probably published a monograph already. In the Wagner Museum attached to the institute there may even be a blueprint of it.

What an over-solemn dump like Bayreuth needs to-day, in our unfortunate view, is a healing laugh or two; something like that mighty howl of mirth which rocked the Venice Opera on the first night of *La Traviata*, when the doctor sang his diagnosis that the 20-stone Violetta of the evening, Signora Donatelli, was in the last stages of consumption and had only a few hours to live. Laugh! Well, there.

## Test

ONE of the kindly Fleet Street aunties who advise the Island Race gratis on all things in Heaven and earth has been assuring a chap who wants to open a bookshop that training in bookselling is "emphatically" essential. And how right she is!

The test of a trained bookseller, we find, is his reaction to the cry, as you enter his shop: "Have you anything new by some terrible woman?" The untrained man will fumble and stare. The trained one will at once reply smoothly, "Here, Sir, is Miss Howling's latest." If you have any more doubts about his *expertise*, a little more conversation after glancing through the pages will soon remove them.

"Good God, what's wrong with this hag?"  
"I fancy, Sir, it is *frustration*."  
Here the trained bookseller coughs gently



"Never mind if he does; I still say you can't come on parade like that"

behind his hand and casts his eyes modestly on the ground, loath to embarrass you.

"Neurotic?"

"A *grande hystérique*, we are informed in the Trade, Sir."

"What started her writing, for Heaven's sake?"

"Well, Sir—"

Here a couple of English Roses trip into the shop and the bookseller draws you swiftly

to one side, dropping his voice to a whisper.

"Incredible! Her own publishers! Broad daylight!"

"I believe one of them, Sir, has foreign blood."

Here the trained bookseller winces, shrugs, and waves his hand, meaning "The morals of publishing firms are a dire scandal, but after all no business of the retail trade."

He then cheers up and sells you a book by Arthur Bryant or Graham Greene, if your attitude has impressed him.

## Bullion

ECONOMISTS worrying over existing gold-reserves, as one was doing the other day, seem to overlook that considerable stock of bullion which lies at the bottom of the Rhine and is guarded by a gaggle (or giggle) of Rhine-maidens.

If you remember the Covent Garden version of this story, these typical Nordic blondes were fooled with consummate ease some time ago by an ugly little Nibelung financier named Alberich, who merely asked what all that glittering stuff was, and, on being told,

grabbed it entire and vanished. The flaw in this Wagnerian version is obviously that a dwarf like Alberich could not possibly grab more than an armful of the dough. Hence the residue of this gold-reserve must still be there. Personally we hope the Bank of England gets there first, because those boys have irresistible poise and charm and could acquire the Rhinegold without any vulgar grabbing, simply by treating Rhine maidens as memsahibs and, maybe, describing a Test match to them in a mellow tenor.

## Footnote

UNDER the spell of this, those blondes would ultimately offer the Bank of England boy all the gold they had, forgetting he was a cricket-lover.

"No, thanks."

"Do take it!"

"No, I couldn't possibly, thanks."

Here the Bank boy proceeds to describe in detail a late cut of Jardine's in the 1933 Test. It sounds to the Rhine maidens like fairy music. When they look round the gold has gone, but they're so happy they don't care.

"The gold has gone. Tell us more."

"Tell us how Bradman became President of Australia."

"One moment. . . . Joe! All clear?"

"All clear, Sir."

Then he tells them all about Bradman, and Larwood, and the M.C.C., and they sink enchanted into a long, deep sleep, and he raises his hat politely and returns to London. Stout work, Falsing-hamby. Oh, thanks, Sir. Thanks awfully.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"For heaven's sake cut out the Cupid stuff, Major Crick, and go and shoot something for lunch"



# Hollywood Newsreel

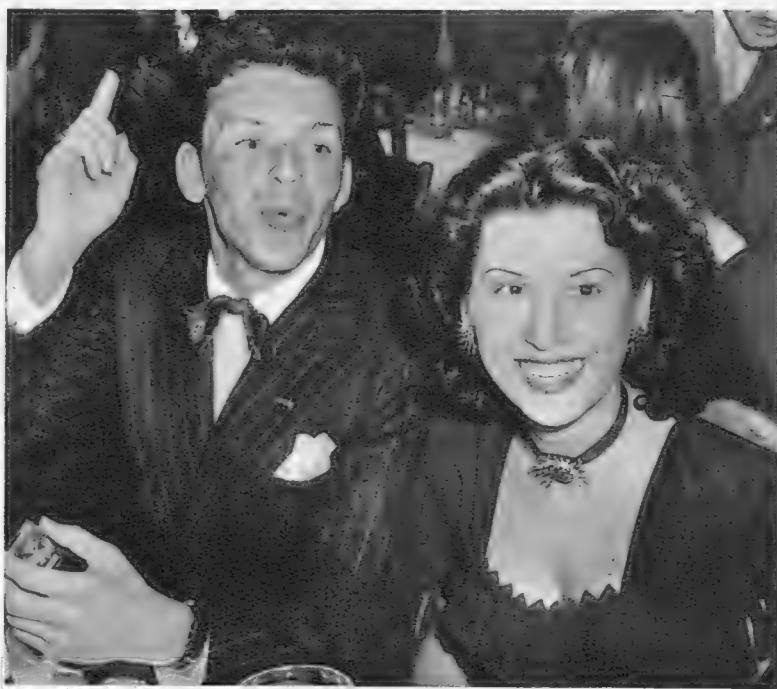


*Good Friends: Carmen Miranda and Xavier Cugat*

● Hollywood takes its leisure seriously; abroad or at home, the cameraman is never very far away. Three of these pictures were taken at one of the famous film city's night spots, the Trocadero; it was Xavier Cugat's opening night and a big occasion. The others were taken in Loretta Young's home. Although she owns a bar, her favourite drink is still milk



*Exchanging News: Maureen O'Hara and Lloyd Nolan*



*America's Heart-Throb No. 1: Frank Sinatra and His Wife*



*Loretta Young at Home in Her Newest Dinner Dress, Rest Gown and Cocktail Costume*



**Mr. Mould:** "Twenty-five years I've put into this place—the best years of my life—and now to say good-bye to all the old associations?"

**Madame Louise (Constance Lorne)** breaks the sad news to her head salesman (**Robertson Hare**) and his assistant **Penny (Lesley Brook)** that the business has been taken over to pay a bad debt

● The famous stage partnership of **Robertson Hare** and **Alfred Drayton** has been resumed at the Garrick Theatre in the latest Vernon Sylvaire farce, *Madame Louise*. It is a comedy of errors: the rightful owner of a gown-shop loses her property because of a bad debt; the business is taken over by an amiably vulgar bookmaker; flight from an irate wife, from a philandering gangster and from dissatisfied customers gives opportunity in profusion for disguise and keeps the fun rolling rapidly along to a satisfactory conclusion, when right is triumphant over might. The play is admirably directed by **Richard Bird** for **Linnit** and **Dunfee**. Incidentally, **Richard Bird** is himself returning to the stage after four years' absence. At the moment he is in **Edinburgh**, appearing in *Lady from Edinburgh*, which will shortly be coming to London

Photographs by **John Vickers**

## Fun in a Fashion-Shop

Exclusive Designing by the Old Firm  
**Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton & Co.**



**Mr. Mould:** "I assure you, Sir, the pin stripe is there to the bitter end"

**Mr. Mould** meets the new owner, **Mr. Trout (Alfred Drayton)**. **Mr. Trout** is a bookie who, having welched on his associates, seeks to find refuge in the gown-shop from the racecourse gang



**Eve:** "This is the second time I've played striptease for him!" Innovations introduced by **Mr. Trout** include a few glamorous show-girls and a not very successful invention which he calls "The **Charlie Trout Economy Creation**." **Mrs. Trout** does not approve of her husband's activities (**Alfred Drayton**, **Maria Barry**, **Ruth Maitland**)



**Mr. Boot Senior:** "Look at the damned kettle, Madame! That's no sort of present for a sick woman"

Trouble for **Mr. Trout** (disguised as **Mme. Louise**) and **Mr. Mould** (disguised as a young boy) turns up with the arrival of **Mr. Boot (W. V. Burn)**. (Incidentally, the name **W. V. Burn** hides the identity of author **Vernon Sylvaire**)





Trout: "You understand that your duties will include button-matching and running out for cigarettes"  
 Slim: "I'll measure for Mr. Trout! Having gone into the business, he's a natty outfit for himself and throws his weight about. In spite of his resignation, Mr. Mould is forced to endure his altered circumstances"



Slim: "There's something very nasty coming along the street, Charlie"  
 Mr. Trout: "Who is it? Felling?"  
 Slim: "No, Sir, your old woman!"  
 Things take a turn in favour of poor Mr. Mould with the arrival upon the scene of Mrs. Trout (Al Millen, Alfred Drayton, Robertson Hare)



It's my little girl, Rosebud, meet Mr. Felling"  
 Slim: "I'll measure for Mr. Trout! Having gone into the business, he's a natty outfit for himself and throws his weight about. In spite of his resignation, Mr. Mould is forced to endure his altered circumstances"



Pearl: "Good-bye, Mr. Mould, darling"  
 Earlier convictions of propriety go by the board when Mr. Mould meets the new owner's glamour girls. Pearl (Harriette Johns) is the very special glamour girl and strictly Mr. Trout's property



Before the fall of the curtain, road-widening schemes have cheated Mr. Trout of his ill-gotten gains. Mr. Mould, delighted at the unexpected turn of events, gratefully links his fate once more with the original Mme. Louise (Robertson Hare, Constance Lorne, Alfred Drayton)

# Chiefs of Bomber Command

Right:

**Air Vice-Marshal H. S. P. Walmsley, C.B., C.B.E., M.C., D.F.C.,** Senior Air Staff Officer at R.A.F. Bomber Command, was born in Westmorland and educated at Dover College. He served in France during the last war in the R.F.C., and in 1920 was attached to a R.A.F. squadron in Iraq, returning to this country to command a number of squadrons. Early in the present war he commanded a R.A.F. wing in France, and later was A.O.C. two groups in Bomber Command. He received the C.B.E. in 1943, and the C.B. in August last year



*Air Vice-Marshal H. S. P. Walmsley*



**Air Vice-Marshal A. P. M. Sanders, C.B., C.B.E.,** is Air Officer in charge of Administration at R.A.F. Bomber Command. Educated at Haileybury and Sandhurst, he joined the R.F.C. in 1916, transferring to the R.A.F. in 1918. Director of Ground Defence at the Air Ministry in 1940, he was Assistant Chief of Air Staff (Air) Allied Force Headquarters, from September to December 1942. He holds the Soviet Order of the Red Star, besides his British decorations

Right:

**Air Marshal Sir Robert Saundby, C.B., M.C., D.F.C., A.F.C.,** has been Deputy A.O.C.-in-C. R.A.F. Bomber Command since 1943. Educated at King Edward's School, Birmingham, he was seconded to the R.F.C. in 1916 from the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, serving in France, Flanders, and after the last war in Iraq, Aden and Egypt. At the Air Ministry from 1937-39, he became Assistant Chief of Air Staff (T.) in 1940, and a year later Senior Air Staff Officer, Bomber Command



*Air Marshal Sir Robert Saundby*



# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Where Next?

AFTER Dumbarton Oaks, Bretton Woods (and California)? The obvious answer would seem to be: Burnham Beeches and Bushy Park. In the meanwhile, however, Birnam Wood may have arrived at Dunsinane. Whichever way it is, it would seem to be certain that the persons who have been twisting the poor old World's tail for nigh upon six years, and have been a plague and a pest to humanity for more than 2000 years, will be up a tree.

A recently-released German spy has told me that all that has happened is a "political dispute called war"—and, therefore, presumably we ought not to make so much fuss about things like the Alexanderplatz Prison, Lidice, Lublin, etc., etc., etc. A charming suggestion; but I am afraid that it will not find general acceptance.

## The "Unchanging East"

RECENT advices from The Cauldron convince me that this epithet is quite out-dated. My Scout says that neither Calcutta nor Bombay is recognisable; New Delhi, a modern marvel, and I suppose Simla has been put into cold storage for the duration? Only "The Solar Myth" remains! It will still sear the very eyes out of you! Incidentally, in Calcutta the hot weather starts in February, so I leave it to anyone's imagination as to what campaigning in Burma must be like. Relief is possible if you are in a civilised spot, with ice and electric fans to help you; but jungle fighting . . .!

## Another for the Racing Sleuth

THIS is not another for Puzzle Corner question, but merely the bald relation of a set of the actual facts of a case which simply reeked with turpitude, but in which the Stewards were completely nonplussed and could not get a scintilla of proof upon which to hang as pretty a collection of thugs and dacoits as could be met with in a day's march. The Stewards had a very shrewd idea as to how the ramp had been worked, but despite the fact that upon their body was one of the most astute cross-examiners at the criminal bar, a perjurer's pest, it was found impossible to find that chink in the armour of the untruthful through which

the Sword of Justice could penetrate. After you have heard the facts see if you can suggest (a) how the thing was done, and (b) how the Stewards might have secured a conviction. Here are the short facts: The event was a handicap hurdle race over 2 miles and there were eight runners, thus providing an opportunity for some nourishing place betting: the handicapper, in a moment of temporary aberration, had thrown the best performed competitor in at least 7 lb. below the weight he ought to have had, to the natural detriment of the only other one that could have hoped to beat him if the handicapper's arithmetic had been more accurate. The ring prices, as they went out on to the course, were even money, and in some places even 6 to 4 on the favourite, 8 to 1 and later 6 to 1 the Only Possible, almost any price the rest. The favourite led practically the whole way and won with his ears cocked; the Only Possible finishing a well-beaten second, and the rest did not matter. Now—and here is the important fact to note—even before the numbers were hoisted the owner and trainer of the runner-up—a man we used to call "Mike the Moonlighter," for he was quite as bad as all that—charged down from the grandstand, and danced out on to the course yelling "Cripes, we've won!" or words to that effect. He was quite right, for when the winner's jockey got into the scales he was 4 lb. shy, and the statutory allowance being only 2 lb., disqualification was automatic.

## Suspicion

THE Stewards, of course, had no option but to disqualify. The mistimed

(Concluded on page 20)



## A New Zealand Artist

Capt. Peter McIntyre, New Zealand's first official war artist, is holding an exhibition of his work at the Fernleaf Club, run by Lady Freyberg. Most of the pictures show the progress of the 2nd New Zealand Division from Cassino to Florence



## Gulmarg, Kashmir, Golf Competitions

Miss C. M. V. Nicholson (right) is seen holding the Lady's Lower Course Cup, which she won from Mrs. Lowe (left) during the Gulmarg Golf Competitions



Three well-known Gulmarg golfers are Sir Francis Low, Editor of the "Times of India"; Mrs. McLaren and Mr. Robert Lamb, secretary of the Club



## Hare and Hounds: Cambridge Beat Oxford by 37 Points to 41

D. R. Stuart

Cambridge Hare and Hounds have beaten Thames, London, Sheffield and Oxford Universities. Sitting: B. H. Roberts (secretary), E. Loudon Campbell (captain), R. E. J. Ibbotson, D. A. Bond. Standing: R. D. Tidey, J. R. Gough, J. D. Tunnicliffe, M. D. H. Dickson, R. J. Taunton



Oxford Hare and Hounds have beaten Thames, and London University Tyrians, but lost to Cambridge. Sitting: N. M. Green, T. S. C. Sireatfield, R. G. Richardson (captain), G. St. J. Hardy, A. F. T. Dickenson. Standing: P. H. Gunn, B. W. Barbour, Sgt. A. E. Gallie (trainer), B. S. Kent, B. I. Brooke



St. Paul's School Rugby XV.

D. R. Stuart

St. Paul's School, evacuated to Berkshire, have beaten the R.N. College, Pangbourne, the Oratory School, and lost to Beaumont and Douai. On ground: J. N. Runacres, J. N. Doig. Sitting: J. M. Palmer, T. H. Kessel, G. B. Wilson (captain), G. B. Wiston, H. S. P. Madath. Standing: M. A. Bogod, G. C. Rees, D. Ingle-Wright, A. J. N. E. Winterbotham, W. M. Foster, P. G. Boswell, J. D. Farrell, T. O. Wilkinson



A Couple of Men in the R.A.F.

Air/Cdre. "Paddy" Crisham, C.B.E., has a staff job with the 2nd T.A.F. Previously he was responsible for all the daylight operations undertaken by his Group's squadrons



F/Lt. Prince Emanuel Galitzine, R.A.F., recently returned to this country from Italy, where he flew as a fighter-pilot in support of the Eighth Army's advance

## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

exuberance of "Mike the Moonlighter," however, raised such a murky cloud of suspicion that they impounded the stakes pending an enquiry and gave notice that any wagers paid out over the runner-up were at the Ring's own risk. The well-feigned indignation of "Mike" availed him not at all, and in reply to the obvious question: "How did you know?" he was understood to say something about an "intuition." The Stewards did not think that very convincing and an enquiry which lasted for weeks was instituted. The favourite's jockey, a G.R. of talent, but with a dossier not free from blemish, was severely cross-examined without result; a bookmaker—and a very bad bootmaker—was proved to have been concerned in working a discreet commission on the Only Possible for someone; the bookmaker said for himself. Several other bookmakers testified to having laid the Only Possible from tens down to eights, and in some cases only sixes, whilst the money poured in on the favourite, but not one shkel of the commission could be traced to "Mike." All that he admitted was a modest each-way bet according to his invariable plan. To the searching question as to whether his exhilaration was caused by anything he saw when the favourite was being saddled or unsaddled, he retorted rudely. There was nothing so far as the Stewards were concerned that could be brought home to anyone, though they were morally certain that a very nice little swindle had been perpetrated. There was nothing for it but to let the whole gang leave the court without the customary stain on their characters. Bearing in mind that suspicion, even when it almost adds up to certainty, is not enough, can anyone suggest what else the Stewards could have done? Also, when and

how do you think that 4-lb. cloth was spirited away?

My own impression at the time was that it was done before the race: other people said that, as the animal had already a 7-lb. pull in the weights and could probably have won with another 10 lb. on his back, it would not matter a row of pins when it was done. Anyway, it was done, and "Mike the Moonlighter" and his friends got away with it, and were very

unpleasant and truculent and full of dark threats about their solicitors. I am almost inclined to believe that the Stewards might have been wiser to call their bluff; but then, of course, judges are not supposed to know anything about horse-racing and there was the risk of damages, about which there would have been more than the usual uncertainty.

What would you have done if you had been in the Stewards' place?



Classic Prospects: by "The Tort"

From all accounts, Dante has wintered well, and on his phenomenal two-year-old speed of last season Sir Eric Ohlson's colt is bound to take some beating in the Guineas, whatever his fate may be over the longer Derby distance. His trainer, Matt Peacock, has announced that Dante is likely to have his first outing of the season at Stockton on Saturday, April 7th. Meanwhile, Vernell Hobbs, at Lambourn, trains a useful colt in High Sheriff, and Joe Lawson, at Manton, has charge of Lord Astor's promising Court Martial. There are classic possibilities about several of the Aga Khan's colts, notably Fordham and South Wind, and the Stanley House candidate High Peak—owned by Lady Derby—is reported to be making very satisfactory progress. Fred Darling trains Loretto in addition to his crack fillies Isle of Capri and Neola

### Tyburn Tree

WHETHER, in fact, there was ever a tree, and, if so, exactly what kind of a tree it was, or whether "tree" was just a catchword of the times, meaning a thing upon which things hung, I have not, unhappily, been able to discover—so far. To-day we call it Marble Arch, and, until events jog our memory, we tend to forget that at one time it claimed priority as the venue for the "Unhappy Despatch." Most of those whose last earthly port of call it was no doubt richly deserved, and had asked for, all that came to them—but not all! I cite you the case of the Master of the Buckhounds to Henry IV., Sir Bernard de Brocas II. Gascon, one of a long line of this ancient family of Hereditary Masters of the Royal Park—a continuity of over 300 years—who had his head cut off at this place in 1400 because he had been so unwise as to get mixed up in the plot to kidnap The Usurper at Oxford on Christmas Day and restore Richard the Redeless to the throne. Brocas, I believe, is the only master of hounds ever to have been executed at Tyburn, though many after him may have deserved an equally grim fate! The original sentence was that he should be "hanged, drawn and slaughtered (or sliced)," but Henry IV. kindly commuted it to simple beheading. Shakespeare, incidentally, is quite wrong in placing the unhappy event in Oxford (*Richard II.*, Act iv., sc. 6), as the poor gentleman's head was not "from Oxford sent"! The *Chronique de la Traison* ought to have put The Bard right upon this point.





Photographs by  
Swaebe

Sir Miles and Lady Thomas  
and Their Daughter

## Sir Miles Thomas

### And His Wife and Daughter at Home in Oxfordshire

● Sir Miles Thomas and his family live at The Manor House, Adderbury, near Banbury. A man with a varied career, Sir Miles served during the last war as a private and a driver in the Armoured Car Squadron, was commissioned in the R.F.C. in Egypt, and was stunt-flying and aerial-fighting instructor at Heliopolis. He later served with the R.A.F. in Mesopotamia, Persia and Southern Russia, winning the D.F.C. Demobilised in 1919, he became a writer on technical subjects, joining Lord Nuffield—then Mr. Morris—in 1924 as adviser on sales production, and two years later he founded the Morris-Oxford Press. He became Vice-Chairman and Managing Director of the Nuffield Organisation in 1941, and was knighted in 1943 for his services to the country. Lady Miles, who was one time secretary to Lord Nuffield, is serving as a police-woman in Oxfordshire. Their son is in the Navy, and their daughter, Sheila, is studying medicine at Oxford



Lady Thomas, Policewoman



By the Old Mill Stream



A Busman's Holiday



A Bicycling Trio



Wheelbarrow Transport

# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Fact and Fiction

MONICA FELTON'S *To All the Living* (Jonathan Cape; 9s. 6d.) is a "straight" novel with munition-factory scene. This means that the characters and destinies of the invented characters have to compete for interest with the real-life background—for "Blimpton" is obviously *somewhere*. War factories, and the oddly-assorted community of their personnel, are in themselves so interesting to the outsider that one questions whether, in writing about one, it is necessary to impose adventitious plot. Of the two factory books that I have reviewed lately, *Ladies May Now Leave Their Machines* and *There's No Story There*, one was, in the film sense, a "documentary," with a few haunting close-ups; the other a novel compiled of broken-off threads and intermittent psychological photographs, with apparent artlessness, though actually with brilliant, and brilliantly concealed, art.

*To All the Living* is at once more old-fashioned and more ambitious. It is more near to drama. It shows the play of ambition, love, hate, resentment, homesickness, fear and hope, and the slower good work of patience, unresistance and devotion, in a cast restricted to the administrative staff and the operatives of Blimpton factory. The neighbouring town of Dustborough provides no more than billets for workers, one political meeting and doubtfully-enjoyable off-time fun.

The dreariness of Dustborough, inexorably rendered by Miss Felton, needs some taking. The organic life of Blimpton—first a great stark stretch of raw buildings and half-made roads, but gradually charging up with human goodwill and interest and human energy—is, on the other hand, fascinating to read about. On second thoughts, I suppose Blimpton must be fictitious—though no doubt it has half-a-dozen real-life prototypes—otherwise would Miss Felton permit herself, or be permitted, to make these revelations? As I read certain passages, my hair rose. I am, I suppose, an average ignorant member of the general public: I ought to be more wide-awake, not to say nosy, more anxious to know what goes on behind the scenes. Certainly the goings-on of D. W. Brown, the Superintendent of Blimpton, of Capt. Knowles, the Senior Labour Manager, of Miss Creed, the Chief Woman Labour Manager, and, in a lesser degree, of Mr. Gittins, Principal Clerk, made me sit up and take notice.

## Cause and Effect

THE story opens in January 1941—fairly far back in time, as war time goes. One may understand that much that was wrong with Blimpton, and other Blimptons, has been corrected since. On the other hand, since then, legislation has tightened the State's hold on the

worker. Mr. Gunn's bright idea, of enticing in some thousands more needed operatives by sending a sort of "Come to Blimpton" musical comedy round the country, would now be out of date. It also appears to have been the devil's own work to keep the workers, once they had got them there—and from the account of conditions, one cannot wonder. How far compulsion existed in 1941 it is my business to know; and I am ashamed not to. Miss Felton, I must say, did not make this quite clear.

I found myself also asking, from time to time, how far Miss Felton allowed herself over-statements for the sake of her plot. In real life, a certain proportion of wrongdoing gets by without either being discovered or resulting in any direct harm. In *To All the Living*, crooked acts or abuse of power on the part of the high-ups lead, in a series of cases, to tragedy, or at least to damage. Mr. Gittins refuses to make over a row of small empty houses as quarters for married staff, because of his wish that Mrs. Gittins, already installed, should continue to reign on unchallenged as First Lady of Blimpton. Consequently, George Parsons's wife has to remain in London and is killed in an air raid. Miss Creed's and her



Pouishnoff, the famous pianist, seen with Mme. Pouishnoff in their London home, recently returned from an E.N.S.A. tour of the Western Front. He appeared shortly afterwards at the Albert Hall, when he conducted the Tchaikovsky-Liszt programme, with his wife as piano soloist. He is leaving for the Orkneys on another E.N.S.A. tour

horrid little jackal Miss Braithwaite's bullying of Doris Chandler sends the ex-cinema usherette into hysterics: in this state—plus a glass of port she would not have had had Capt. Knowles not sabotaged Mr. Finch's attempts to stop the night-shift workers' bus from pub-crawling—she jams machinery, blows the roof off a shed and kills herself and another girl. A fitter had been sent for to see to Doris's defective machinery; but owing to more dirty work on Capt. Knowles's part there was a shortage of fitters: one could not be found to come.

Mr. Brown's injudicious hobnobbing with Mr. Gurney, a Dustborough factory owner, results in Gurney getting a Government contract and diverting local workers needed for Blimpton. Mr. Gunn's meddling almost ruins the hostel intended to be a pleasant alternative, for women workers, to the Dustborough squalor. And so on.

Cause and effect seem to me to interlock almost too neatly, as in a Victorian novel. On the other hand, if one is to have a plot it must be a good one: it thus has its own imperatives. Owing to the large scale of *To All the Living*—the ground there is to be covered, the amount there is to be said—it is impossible to shade the characters off: they all have to be either black or white. The few so-so's in the cast, such as Dr. Ruth Aaron and Mr. Gittins—who unexpectedly turns up trumps—are the most sympathetic. The concealed identity of Griselda Green, who arrives with an intake of other girls but is obviously not what she says she is, is, romantically speaking, the crux of the story. Whether the Griselda mystery is a mistake or not, I leave to you, other readers, to decide for yourselves. Myself, I could have done with rather less drama and with more of Miss Felton's excellent descriptive writing.

(Concluded on page 23)

## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

THE re-education of Germany after the war—one reads

By Richard King

quite a lot about it and always with curiosity: how the youth of the German nation is going to be taken in hand and have its whole moral and mental outlook drafted in the Ways of Peace; how over 80,000,000 people are going to be deliberately reorientated from the worship of Force to the gathering of Olive Branches. It all sounds tremendously impressive, doesn't it? The "slogan" carries uplift to giddy heights, and wishful muddle-thinkers fly higher still. They always do!

Nevertheless, I still can't comprehend how it is going to be done. How is a simply beautiful theory going to be carried out in actual practice? What will be the first steps to be accomplished if 80,000,000 people are going to change from the worship of guns to the adoration of symbolical butter? Will it be done by years of radio propaganda with a cohort of arch-bishops at its head? Will all German history-books have to be re-written by really nice women, preferably mothers? Will the film take part and anything more subversive than a Deanna Durbin or an earlier Shirley Temple be ruthlessly censored? Or shall we frighten them into an appreciation of Beauty and Light through documentary war-films of the most gruesome order? Or maybe so disarm them that even an air-gun is verboten? Or shall we bring in the aid of *Example* and let loose whole regiments of the Salvation Army, lay preachers, clergymen of all denominations, and strictly Evangelical school-marms? Anyway, we've got to begin somehow.

All the same, it would be simply dreadful if the "Examples" had to march back again later on to fight another nation,

just when Germany had become ingrained in the symbolical peacefulness of

making daisy-chains. It could so easily happen if it be true that history repeats itself. For it is always so much easier to talk big than to accomplish anything higher than the norm. And slogans can carry millions off their feet until they have to be lived up to—and not merely by other people.

My dread, therefore, is that in order to re-educate Germany we shall ourselves have to live for years and years as "shining examples." That will surely "shake" us, besides being so wearisome. It would be just too dreadful if at the end of fifty years we were conscripting anybody over eighteen, while German youths and maidens were merely falling in love and singing "O Happy Band of Pilgrims" in perfect harmony! That would indeed be most embarrassing!

I shall follow this cry for the re-education of Germany in eager heart. I only hope it will succeed. I should dearly like a bit o' peace in my time. I somehow seem to have missed the "Earthly Paradise" promised us after the First World War. I should like to live long enough to catch up with the one politicians promise us after the Second.

To be quite honest, I feel that it is about time most of us got something which would look like a square deal from the present "gift" of life. Maybe my descendants, if any, will have a gorgeous time on the whole—thanks to what we have gone through. Though, again to be quite honest, the prospect has never inspired me as it should. I often wish that those brave men who suffered and died in, say, the Crimean War, meant anything to me. Alas! I have to confess they don't!



# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"  
Review of Weddings



**Purcell — Combe**

Lt. Burgo Purcell, junior, U.S.A.A.F., son of Col. and Mrs. Burgo Purcell, of San Gabriel, California, and Miss Audrey Combe, only daughter of Lt.-Col. H. C. S. and Lady Moira Combe, of 36, Cadogan Square, S.W., and Strathconon, Ross-shire, were married at St. Saviour's, Walton St.



Stabey

**Cran — Mallinson**

Capt. W. B. Gordon Cran, R.E.M.E., son of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Cran, of Rockwood House, Denby Dale, Yorks., married Miss Diana R. Mallinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dyson Mallinson, of Brackenhill, Branksome Park, Bournemouth, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy

Right: Capt. Neil Westbrook, R.E., son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Westbrook, of Agecroft, Wilmslow, Cheshire, married Miss Joan Fraser, only daughter of Sir William and Lady Fraser, of Bucks Barn, Witherridge Hill, near Henley-on-Thames, at St. Saviour's, Walton St.



Tunbridge

**Mackechnie — Inglis**

Lt.-Cdr. (S) S. M. Mackechnie, R.N.V.R., of Glasgow, and Miss Barbara Inglis, only child of Mr. J. N. Inglis, of Dublin, and Mrs. Grace Inglis, of West Hill Court, Highgate, were married at the Parish Church, Temple Ewell, Dover



**Westbrook — Fraser**



**Van Lynden — Heathcote**

Lt. Baron D. W. van Lynden, R.N.N., and Miss Anne Heathcote were married at St. Michael's, Chester Square. The bride is the daughter of the late Mr. William C. P. Heathcote and Mrs. Heathcote, of 19, Elvaston Place, S.W.



**Bennett — Burnham**

Capt. F. M. Bennett, R.A., second son of Sir Ernest and Lady Bennett, of 22, Egerton Terrace, S.W., married Miss Marion Patricia Burnham, daughter of Major and Mrs. Cecil Burnham, of Ancaster House, Richmond Hill, Surrey, at St. Mark's, North Audley St.



**Dunkerly — Higgins**

Lt.-Col. V. A. B. Dunkerly, D.S.O., 13/18th Royal Hussars, married Miss Priscilla Higgins, daughter of the late Major Cecil M. Higgins, M.C., and of Mrs. Higgins, of 29, Trevor Square, S.W., at St. James's, Spanish Place

## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 10)

## Committee Meeting

AN Ernst Lubitsch production is always a big film event, and the premiere of his latest film *Czarina* is to be given at the Odeon Theatre on Thursday, May 10th, in aid of the British Aid to China Fund. That indefatigable worker for charity, Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, as chairman of this film-premiere committee, held a most successful committee meeting at the Dorchester. Mme. Wellington Koo, very smart with a blue fox cape over her dress, arrived a little late, having come straight from an airport, but taking her place beside the chairman she made a short speech, saying very beautifully in a few words how much our help was needed and how much it is appreciated in China.

Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, looking charming in black with a pale-blue ostrich feather trimming her large black hat, received her committee before the meeting and had a posy of spring flowers for each guest as they entered the room. Among those who were there to help her were Mrs. Warren Pearl, the Countess of Middleton, Lady Waddilove, in her Red Cross uniform, Lady Egerton, Mrs. Nettlefold, Mrs. Reggie Fellowes, immaculate with a pale-blue coat over her black dress, Lady Green, Lady Hewitt, Viscomtesse de la Chapelle, Lady Muriel Gore-Brown, Lady Evans, wife of Admiral Sir Edward Evans, Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys, who listened attentively to his wife's witty speech, Lady Dale, Major Stanley Bates, Nina Countess Granville, Lady Albert Levy, Lady Alexander, Mrs. Washington Singer, Lady Hamond-Graeme, Mme. Phang, Miss Rosie Newman, Lady Wakefield, Lady Standing, Lady Ward and Lady Blomfield.

## Anniversary Presentation

MR. A. V. ALEXANDER was in good form at the Hungaria when the restaurant was packed with friends and patrons to see Mrs. Alexander present Vecchi, London's doyen of restaurateurs, with his bust by Epstein. The bronze, which is an excellent likeness, is to commemorate his twenty-five years in London restaurant life, seventeen of which have been spent at the Hungaria.

Mrs. Alexander did the honours gracefully. She was delighted with the cheque for £1000 which Vecchi handed to her for her King George V's Fund for Sailors, and which was increased to £1300 before the evening finished. The money was contributed by those who wished to be associated with the occasion. Vecchi decided to give it to Mrs. Alexander, but he has recorded the signatures of all the donors in an album for himself. When it came to speech-making, however, Mrs. Alexander confessed to "stage fright" and appealed to her husband to rescue her. He responded nobly. Complimenting Epstein on his work, the First Lord said: "I got a pleasant surprise when I saw this remarkable sample of Mr. Epstein's work. I've always admired his great art, but never knew it could be so pleasant! This is a fine tribute to a great restaurateur."

As well as high Government officials, there were many well-knowns present, from the stage, screen and industrial world. Sir Grahame and Lady Cunningham sat at Mrs. Alexander's table, with Sir Alexander and Lady Dunbar, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Vecchi, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Hale and Miss Joy Snell, and not far off I saw Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Cochran. Others there were Will Hay, Jean Colin, Pat Taylor and Florence Desmond. Steve Donoghue—it must have been the last occasion on which he dined out—was sitting just behind Major S. True, of the American Air Transport Command, who had a party of four.



## The Countess of Listowel Tells the Navy

The Countess of Listowel gave a lecture to Royal Naval personnel at Liverpool, answering questions on "Central Europe and Its Problems," and is seen with ratings who attended the lecture. Lady Listowel is a Hungarian by birth, and is a daughter of Raoul de Marffy-Mantuanoo, of Budapest

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 22)

## Turn the Pages

HORACE HORSNELL'S *The Album* (Hamish Hamilton; 6s.) is a book about memory. It is full of now vanished faces and scenes, but deals, I think, less with these in themselves than with the blurring and shining nimbus of personal memory that surrounds them. He begins:

I do not worship my ancestors, but I have a proper interest in them. This was recently refreshed by a family album that came to me with other ancestral relics. Padded, gilt-edged and brass-clamped, this solid volume is as like a mausoleum as a book may be. Its leaves have a marmoreal weight and rigidity, and clatter as one turns them. The turning, too, is a kind of serial exhumation that chastens while it charms.

Few of the subjects, which range from cartes-de-visite to more imposing studies, are intimate; nor has time dealt impartially with them. The cameras of the past were uncompromising. They seldom flattered, and were apt to subordinate character to convention, to sink psychology in the picturesque. . .

What bygone cameras did not do for those faces, framed in the album's clattering, heavy leaves, Mr. Horsnell shows the ideal power to do. He reads back into them psychology—and more: emotion, history, the tissue of susceptibilities and of circumstances that went to make each life what it was. More, he calls back faces that should be but are not there, that are banished from the post-mortem family conclave—such a dear, racy, unregenerate Uncle Theo's. Aunt Ruth's claim that the family, rightly or wrongly (she feared, wrongly), had royal Stuart blood would seem to be substantiated by Uncle Theo, who, had fate led him that way, it seems to me, could have been as merry a monarch as any.

The antithesis to Uncle Theo is Little Ellie, Aunt Ruth's younger sister, who, dying in the 1860's, left behind her a legend of goodness, cleverness and charm. Ellie's face is not in the album, either; it was enshrined too deep in Aunt Ruth's heart. And Ellie's little box, containing, with other things, "a small unfinished sampler, its rusty needle threaded with orange silk; a tiny brass thimble; a light filigree cross on a russet ribbon; a child's white china mug with the gilt inscription 'Elinor'; a muslin sachet of scentless lavender, and one thin Georgian silver teaspoon"—this, and these, were conserved like religious relics.

We have, too, Cousin Caroline, all revivalist fervour; Cousin Bertie, who took holy orders; Tom Blair, the vicar's son; "the two old ladies of Barford," neighbours, and their enchanting house; mild Aunt Millie; exuberant Aunt Clara, who sang "Just a song at twilight" con amore e poco brio; the author's father and mother; and brooding, one feels, over each page as it turns, Aunt Ruth herself. She is the most moving study in the book, and that is saying a great deal.

I could discuss, and quote from, *The Album* indefinitely. Mr. Horsnell's temperate writing is charged with sweetness and melancholy. Family feeling, I have always felt, should have its literature—literature not so much of the family as of the feeling. So many excellent chronicles, or satirical conversation pieces, fail to reproduce the climate of the particular family. Also, the distinction with which Mr. Horsnell writes of places—parks, gardens, churches, interiors of all kinds—is to be admired. He captures the excitement, from a child's point of view, of visits—Uncle Theo's Thames houseboat, dazzling with geraniums and adorned by the kind, ambiguous Susie; the Essex farmhouse, now ruled by Aunt Julia, once his father's home; and, perhaps best of all, Berck plage, France, where he was taken by Uncle Theo. "What, I wonder, was the spell cast on me by this sun- and sand-ruled place that enthralled imagination and charged each waking hour with excitement? That this was France was much, but that I was young was more."

## Welcome Addition

"MORE MICE AND MEN" (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.) will be welcomed by all H. de Vere Stacpoole's readers who looked forward to an addition to *Mice and Men*. The charm of this kind of book, in which journal and autobiography merge, is that it goes on and on, and that you go on and on with it: Mr. Stacpoole's material and your interest being capable of indefinite expansion. Sitting by his window, working in his garden, or being sorely tried by his good neighbour Mr. X., Mr. Stacpoole has wisely seen through two more war years by reflecting on and remembering what has pleased him and dissecting (with faultless good nature) what did not. His practised pen, though on holiday, never loses its skill; though he allows it to flit from this to that, to the other, it does so with ever-engaging art. The contents of *More Mice and Men* are so various that I could not hope to catalogue them: the book is a surprise packet par excellence. It contains, I cannot resist telling you, one of the most blood-curdling ghost stories that I have ever read.

## Do Not Miss—

SHELLEY SMITH, a newcomer to the Crime Club, gives us something striking in *This is the House* (8s. 6d.). The beginning has an almost Simonon quality—the end, perhaps, just so slightly tails off. Those who believe (as I do) in the detective story's possibilities as a work of art, and are not merely in search of bright murder reading, should not miss this first Shelley Smith product, and should await the next.





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# GLAMOUR TOPS



● Top right: Beautiful material, beautifully designed, makes this glamorous evening blouse with its cowl neckline buttoning at the back. £14 18s. 2d., Harvey Nichols. ● Above: Clever stitching highlights this one, which is of moss crepe. £5 11s. 6d., Harvey Nichols. ● Below: the demure look here is accentuated by the frilled yoke and frilled neckline. The blouse is of heavy pure silk crepe-de-Chine. £9 13s. 5d., Harrods



● Jumper and skirt of this evening outfit are sold together. The long, fitting jumper is of white velour cloth trimmed with black, silver and gilt studs. It is worn with a long black wool skirt slit to the knee centre-front. £28 6s. 9d.

Margaret Marks



Whenever I see

hands in a stocking

I think:

"Ah—

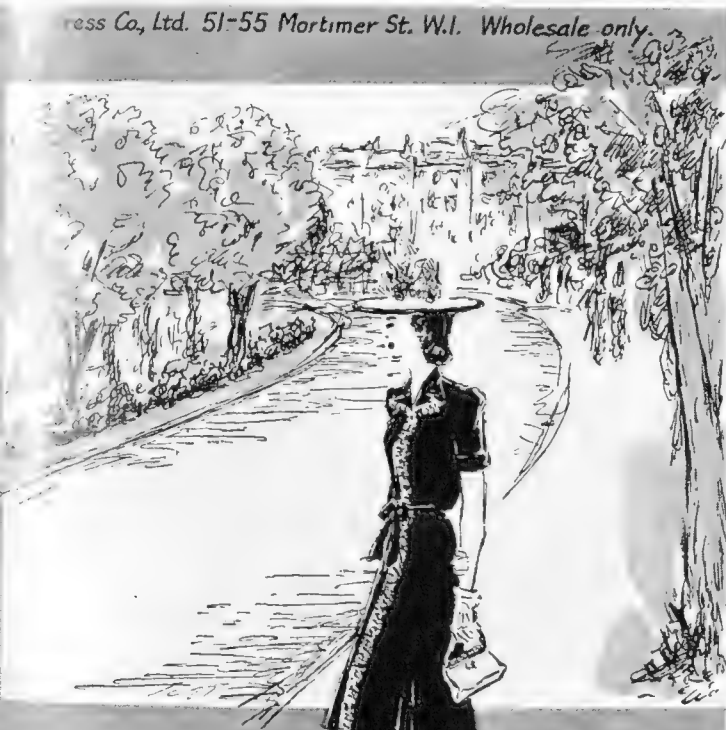
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# BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE squad of raw recruits were being put through their paces by the somewhat brisk sergeant, who, with scarcely a breather between his orders, kept yelling out: "Right turn! Left turn! About turn! Halt! Quick march!" etc.

At last a little Yorkshire lad stepped out of the ranks and exclaimed with great disgust:—

"'Ec, I've 'ad enough of this lot. Why, thee doesna know thee own mind two minutes together!"

FROM *Magazine Digest*, Toronto, comes this story:—

A man who had just moved into a small town, fell into conversation with an old Quaker who was accustomed to sit on a bench in the square.

"What kind of people live here?" asked the newcomer.

"What manner of people didst thou live amongst before?" inquired the Quaker.

"Oh, they were mean, narrow, suspicious and very unfair."

"I am sorry, friend, but thou wilt find the same manner of people here."

Not long afterwards the old Quaker was accosted by another man who had come to live in the town.

"What sort of people are they here?" asked the stranger.

"What manner of people didst thou live amongst before?" inquired the old man.

"Friend," he answered, "they were the finest folk in the world. They were always friendly, kind and lovable, I hated to leave them."

"Thou wilt find the same manner of people here, then," beamed the wise old Quaker.

A BUSINESS man was taken ill one night and suddenly died. His secretary found on his desk a letter which the deceased man had written the day before, but not sealed. The secretary sealed and posted the letter, having added the following PS:—

"After writing the above, I suddenly passed away."

ENTERING a smart restaurant, the farmer ordered a rump steak. After some minutes a waitress brought him a large plate, in the centre of which lay a very small strip of meat.

The farmer looked at it closely, turned it over, looked at it again. Then he said affably: "Yes, that's the sort of thing Bring me some."

AN acid spinster constituted herself O.C. Morals in a sleepy village. One day she dropped in on Giles, a jobbing gardener noted for his joviality.

"Giles," she said, "I'm ashamed that you should set such an example, and in wartime too. Why, yesterday, I saw your wheelbarrow outside the 'Fox and Badger' for two hours!"

Giles didn't say a word. That night he left his wheelbarrow outside the spinster's house.

THE hotel guest, before retiring, full of happy thoughts and whisky, opened the wardrobe and found that some previous guest had left behind her a dainty nightie. Solemnly he rang the bell and when the floor-waiter appeared, he was handed the filose scrap of night-wear, with the instruction: "Boy, take that thing away—and fill it!"



Just Married

Section Officer Eve Hope Crowdy, WAAF, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crowdy of Ladbroke, Chislehurst, was married to Mr. Basil Hely Shackleton at Caxton Hall last week. Mr. Shackleton has been elected an Hon. Associate of the Society of Psychical Research for his contribution to research in Precognitive Telepathy

THE class had been instructed to write an essay on winter. Before they began the teacher gave them a few hints, and among other things he suggested that they might introduce a short paragraph on migration.

One child's attempt read as follows: "In winter it is very cold. Many old people die in winter and many birds also go to a warmer climate."

TWO recruits were pegging down a tent; one was holding the pegs for the other to hit.

Attempting to give the peg a hefty blow, the man with the mallet slipped and caught the other a nasty smack on the head.

Rising, the man with the bump whispered to the other: "Don't muck about. The sergeant's watching us!"

"You know, dear," said she, "love is a wonderful thing. I've just read an article here in this paper all about a man who reached the age of forty without learning to read

and write. Then he fell in love with a woman, and for her sake he made a scholar of himself in two years."

"That's nothing," replied her husband. "I knew a man who was a profound scholar at forty. Then he met a woman, and for her sake he made a fool of himself in two days."



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## AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

### Shoemakers and Lasts

**M**OTOR-CAR manufacturers seem to be anxious to finish with their wartime work of building aeroplanes and aeroplane parts to get back to their peacetime work of building motor cars. At the luncheon given by Sir Frederick Handley Page in recognition of the work of the group of companies which have been making the Halifax, Sir William Rootes said that he and his brother were going back to motor cars as soon as they could. I heard the same sort of thing from Sir John Black. He seems to have had enough of aviation for the time being. Now any analysis of this desire must take notice of one thing; that the motor car is a commodity which meets a real public demand. It is a thing many people want to buy and are ready to pay for. The aeroplane, unfortunately, is not entirely that. The aeroplane is too often a thing nobody wants to buy or to pay for except with other people's money. In short, the tax-payer is the unwilling purchaser in many instances. It seems to me to be understandable that a great industrialist who has been meeting a real public demand, where buyer and seller are both willing parties, is never likely to be happy when meeting a factitious State demand.

### Numbers of Aircraft

**T**HERE have been many estimates of the numbers of aircraft that will be needed for peace-time purposes. So far as this country is concerned, these estimates mostly look on the tax-payer—through the British Overseas Airways Corporation—as one of the unwilling buyers. If the three Corporations proposed in Lord Swinton's White Paper ever come into existence (which Heaven forbid) they will be the only markets for transport machines. Everybody who has bought a penny stamp knows what it is to buy things from a Government monopoly; but the selling to a Government monopoly must be even more depressing. And it is absurd to argue that the White Paper scheme is not a Government monopoly when the Minister selects the people who are to be in charge and when the B.O.A.C. has its grip on both the other Corporations.

So I do not blame the motor-car manufacturer for getting out of aviation and dealing with the private individual consumer who shows his likes and dislikes clearly enough; but who can also be fully appreciative when he is well catered for.

### Speeches

**A**T the luncheon to which I have referred we had an intensely interesting contrast in speech-making. Sir Stafford Cripps was followed by Sir Frederick Handley Page. There is a widespread illusion that any one who has made big money at the bar must be "brilliant" and he must be especially "brilliant" at speech making.

It is far from true, though one does sometimes find a good speaker among the lawyers. Sir Stafford is not a "brilliant" speaker; but he is usually interesting in a sober sort of way. And on this occasion he presented a lot of figures—rather in the old-fashioned magazine manner—showing the magnitude of the effort made by the Halifax group. Sir Frederick, on the other hand, is a born speaker, apt, quick in the uptake, amusing, yet all the time making some serious point and driving it home. He makes circles round the laboured orator like a Spitfire round a Junkers 52. He even contrived to score on the fact that only one of the silver Halifax models he was presenting to the heads of the companies forming the group had been delivered to time so that each person, having been handed the model by Sir Stafford Cripps, had immediately to give it back again!

### White Paper Again

**I**T has been difficult in the last few weeks in the world of aviation to get away from that White Paper on civil transport. In the House of Lords the usually high standards of debate were lacking and we find in Hansard the record of a meeting of a mutual admiration society. Most of the speakers, being in some way connected with British Overseas Airways, supported the White Paper. Lord Brabazon was not completely satisfied and Lord Sempill was a severe and a just critic of the document. In fact I would say that the approval given to the White Paper in the Lords was in inverse ratio to the aeronautical experience of the speakers—Lord Sempill having by far the largest amount of practical aviation experience.

### Intoxicating Air

**O**NLY the Americans could have a solemn discussion about the dangers attending an excessive consumption of alcohol in air liners. They—and to an increasing extent ourselves—think that man is always and inevitably incapable of controlling himself and that, in consequence, he must be controlled by law. One sees an increasing attempt to direct the actions of everybody, from their professions to their pleasures and from the cradle to the crematorium, by law. Policemen, chains and prisons are to take the place of sense and conscience. The Chinese (is it?) maxim that wine does not make a man drunk; a man makes himself drunk, is forgotten or rejected.

Let us hope that this Anglo-Saxon priggishness never extends to the French air lines. To them at any rate we shall be able to turn when we wish to travel as independent human beings, capable of guiding our own activities in our own way and permitted to do so.



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P. G. Hering

**W/Cdr. W. V. Crawford-Compton**, a New Zealander, was awarded the D.S.O. within a month of receiving the Croix de Guerre for leading a French fighter wing with the 2nd T.A.F. in Belgium. He also holds the D.F.C. and Bar and the American Silver Star, besides a Czech decoration

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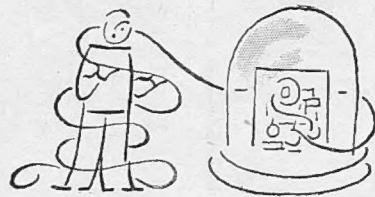
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and what a night it was, bitterly cold and  
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tea so much.

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Yours very truly,

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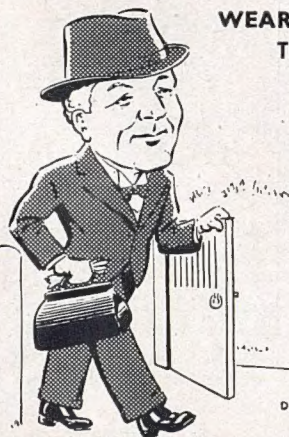
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